WALKER LAKE BULLETIN.

VOL. XIV. HAWTHORNE, ESMERALDA COUNTY, NEVADA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896. NO. 39.

WALKER LAKE BULLETIN.

Published Every Wednesday.

A. J. McCARTHY, - Publisher.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, postage prepaid.....$5 00
Six Months, " " 3 00
Three Months, " 1 50

Delivered by carrier without additional charge to subscribers in Hawthorne.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, of one inch, first insertion.....$3 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 1 50

☞Orders for Subscription, Advertising and Job Work will receive prompt attention.

A. O. U. W.

LAKEVIEW LODGE, NO. 17. A. O. U. W. regular meetings, held on the first and third Tuesday of each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to be present.

J. G. ATCHISON, M. W.

A. J. McCARTHY, Recorder.

DR. C. B. BRIERLY,

(Late Surgeon of the Sutro Tunnel).

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and Residence, Cardwell House, Hawthorne, Nev.

THE CAPITOL,

Main Street, Hawthorne, Nev.

JOSEPH KLEIN, Proprietor.

Has constantly on hand a fine assortment of

Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

Lager Beer on Draught.

This commodious Saloon will be conducted as a popular establishment. A fine card and reading room adds to the attractions of the place.

John Forbes,

HAWTHORNE, NEVADA.

Dealer in

LUMBER

Of All Kinds.

Doors, Shingles, Sash & Blinds, Lath, Mouldings.

MATCHED AND DRESSED FLOORING, ETC.

JOHN FORBES, Proprietor.

Candelaria Hall,

North Side of Main Street,

CANDELARIA, : : : : NEVADA.

WM. H. THOMAS, Prop'r.

The Proprietor of this Newly Fitted and Commodious Hall is now prepared to furnish

Theatrical Troupes, Dancing Parties, Military Companies, Political Clubs and Secret Societies,

With a Hall which cannot be equalled in Southwestern Nevada. For terms, Theatrical Managers will address the Proprietor.

Candelaria Hall Saloon

Is well-known and finely furnished and is the most popular resort in Candelaria. The bar is stocked with the choicest and best brands of

LIQUORS AND CIGARS

To be had in the Market.

Mr. Thomas will conduct nothing but a first-class house, and a cordial welcome will be extended to all guests.

The Drug Store

HAWTHORNE, NEVADA.

R. M. KING, Proprietor.

Everything pertaining to a First-class Dispensary. Calls cheerfully answered night or day.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

A Complete Supply of

FINE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Candy, Chewing Gum.

Soda, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale.

R. H. WRIGHT

HAWTHORNE, NEVADA.

—Dealer in—

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps and Gloves, Boots and Shoes, Calico and Blankets, Overalls and Jumpers.

A Large Assortment of

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Cartridges, Fine Cutlery.

SHELLS LOADED TO ORDER.

Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Jewelry of all Kinds Sold and Repaired.

SMOKERS' ARTICLES.

Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars All Brands of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.

Domestic and Tropical Fruits, Candies and Nuts.

Especial Notice is Called to the Large Stock of

Dolls, Wagons, Harmonicas, Toys and Banks

NEWS DEPOT.

Stationery, Periodicals, Daily Papers and a Full Line of the Latest Novelties.

MASCULINE MEDICINE CHESTS.

Every Man Carries His Favorite Remedy Always With Him.

It is customary for men to sneer good naturedly at the physical weaknesses of the opposite sex, but women would doubtless be surprised could they know how generally the medicinal remedy habit permeates the ranks of their masculine friends. Think over your list of male acquaintances and pick out the few who have no ailments and carry no bottles, powders or prescriptions. They will be very few indeed, unless your list includes but very young men.

It has been said that every woman knows the best face wash on earth and is willing to part with her secret only on compulsion, but will try anything else suggested by a friend. But men are the most obstinate believers in sovereign remedies. Every man carries at least one remedy in his inside pocket and is willing to unload it on anybody who will listen or dare to test its infallibility. I have known four or five healthy looking men in a group, not one of whom would be suspected of ever being ill, draw concealed vials of pellets and little unsuspected boxes of pills and astonishingly worded prescriptions from their confidential hiding places and discourse most learnedly upon their miraculous powers.

In every case of this kind there has been at some time, more or less remote, an apparent justification of merit claimed, from which time and thenceforth forever that particular individual goes contentedly and even boastingly bound to that medicinal chariot wheel.—New York Herald.

Dr. Peters, the "Explorer."

Dr. Peters once wrote a book entitled "New Light on Dark Africa," in which he shows us the sort of light that his work has thrown on that continent. In August, 1889, he started up the Tana river in British East Africa at the head of an armed force of Somali. Before the end of that month, by the capsizing of a canoe, he lost, among some loads of ammunition and brandy, "the only load of beads I possessed." He continued his journey, as he tells us, "without any articles of barter."

He of course had not sufficient food with him to last for the whole journey, and could not have carried it if he had. In consequence, as he explains, "the determination to advance without the requisite articles of barter once for all decided the character the expedition was for the future to bear." As the caravan was obliged to get food and had no money with which to buy it, food had to be stolen.

The subsequent history of the expedition is therefore one long story of raid, loot and massacre. No traveler has followed in Peters' footsteps without feeling the ill effects of the distrust of Europeans that has resulted from his action. The harm he did cannot be undone in less than a generation.—Saturday Review.

Patriotism In the Hub.

Apropos of the proverbial quality reigning in the breast of every true Bostonian, a friend of mine of a philanthropic turn of mind noticed for several mornings that the children of the garbage man accompanied their father on his rounds and greedily ate certain choice morsels which they extracted from the garbage. This so weighed upon the good man's heart that after careful thought he approached the father, talked kindly with him and said, "Now, why don't you take your family west, buy a little farm and give them a comfortable home and living?"

"What!" said the astonished man. "Bring up my children out of Boston!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE HOUSE OF VANDERBILT.

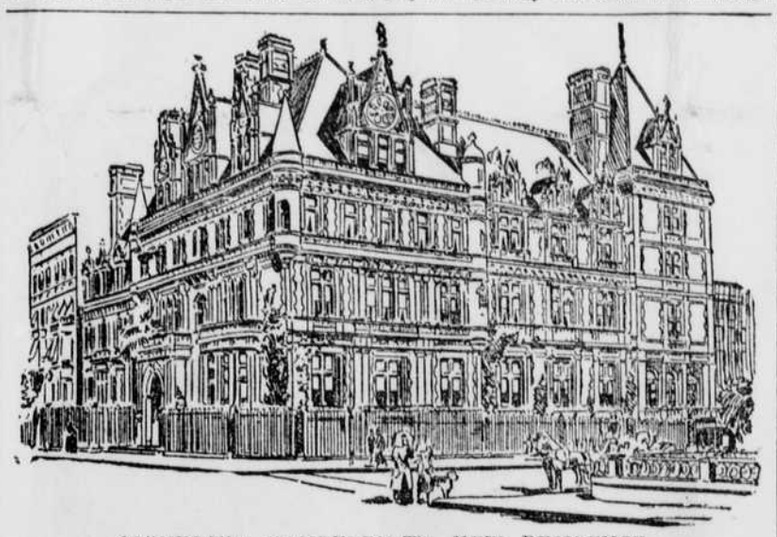
THE house of Vanderbilt—brought once more to the attention of the American people by the recent serious illness of its present head—is distinguished in many ways, but in all ways distinguished for its association with money getting and immense wealth. It has upreared a system of railroads matchless in its beauty and utility—for whatever may be said of the Vanderbilt power it must not be said that it has been used to wreck enterprise and to create wealth for itself by killing honest competition. The Vanderbilt system has been used as an investment by its owners—the old "commodore" having but fought a rival, the Nicaraguan Company, which refused to keep its contract with him. To sue was impossible. He challenged it in the open and drove it off the seas. Commercial conquest by safe, conservative methods has been the policy of the Vanderbilt life. In all the generations of the Vanderbilts there are no statesmen, soldiers, patriots, philosophers, painters, poets or scientists. But in this century all the Vanderbilts have been rich. Money getting and the upbuilding of vast wealth and not the sacrifice of the concrete to the ideal has been their supreme moving force.

This family has a coat of arms. The student of heraldry, looking back through its line, can find no point at which a Vanderbilt was ennobled by a king or received from a monarch a title. Nor yet can he find in the age of chivalry the Vanderbilt who, in his pride of place and of arms, took to himself the symbols of his bravery and family traits and fixed them on an escutcheon. The Vanderbilt arms, whatever they are, mean little. There is no record of an old Vanderbilt who lived on a hill in a Dutch stronghold and abused his weaker neighbors, and from whom the present family dates its foundation. Indeed, the farther back the Vanderbilts go the obscurer become the lines on both sides. The vanishing point of the breed of Vanderbilt is seen in Aris Van Der Bylt, who was a farmer. Nobody knows when he was born or where, who his parents were or why he came to America. It has been said of him that he settled in Flatbush, L. I., some time about the year 1685, and that he was married to a woman whose given name was Hiltje. What the woman's surname was no one can tell. True, so far as is known, the foundation of this illustrious house was laid by Aris, who married an unknown woman.

Jacob Vanderbilt I. was the son of Aris, and, like his father, was a farmer. He was born, it is said, in 1692, and moved from Long Island to Staten Island. Jacob Vanderbilt the first was married to a woman whose Christian name is said to have been Neilje. What this lady's family name was the world will never know. In 1723 Jacob Vanderbilt II. was born on Staten Island and succeeded his father as a farmer. Jacob the second was married and the name of his wife is fortunately known. She was not a Dutch woman. Her name was Mary Sprague. From this union sprang Cornelius Vanderbilt the first, who was born in 1764 and who married Phoebe Hand.

The house of Vanderbilt is now beginning to wax. With Cornelius the first comes the initial greatness of the family. Which is the equivalent of saying that if the first Cornelius had stuck to farming the last Cornelius would not now be lying in the finest marble palace in America. Had the first Cornelius had any faith in the soil the last Cornelius might have been a railroad switchman. But Cornelius the first bought a rowboat and varied his pursuits of agriculture with the occasional occupation of a ferryman. In this departure lay the seed of the Vanderbilt millions.

Eighty years ago Cornelius Vanderbilt was a country lad of 20, the son of a Staten Island farmer, and the descendant of a line of Dutch settlers who had never manifested any ambition to rise above the paternal soil. His worldly possessions consisted of a small boat with which he was operating a primitive ferry between his native island and New York. His oportunities certainly seemed small, but his natural aptitude for money getting was extraordinary. He was a man who would have grown rich upon a desert island. At 23 he had a steamer plying from the metropolis through the Kills to New Brunswick, with a hotel at the latter place managed by his wife.

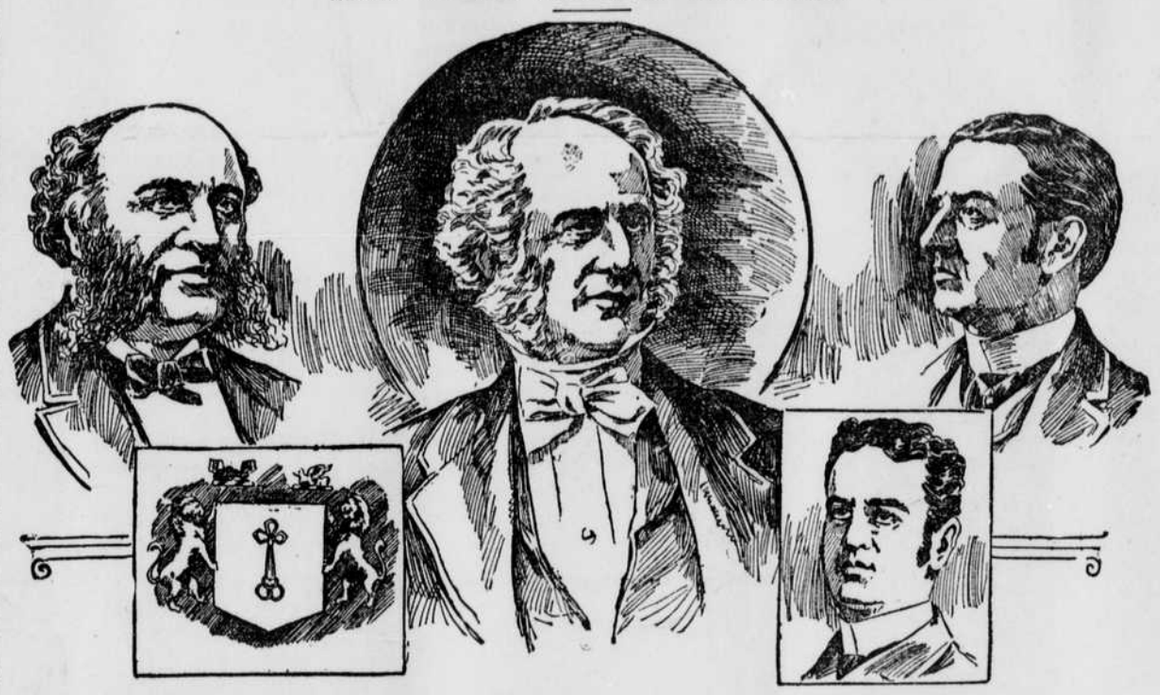


CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S NEW RESIDENCE.

But the vision of the bold young ferryman was fixed upon far greater things. He foresaw that the future of American commerce lay with the West, and he conceived a plan for a steamship line to the Pacific coast by way of Central America. His plan, however, proved a failure.

Meantime he was graduating from steamships into railways—a field of operations whose vaster possibilities he was one of the first to realize. He gradually obtained control of the New York Central. His operations in its stock were such as Wall street had never seen before and has not witnessed since. He found that railroad an unprofitable, second-rate concern, and he left it quite or nearly the finest and most substantial railroad property in America. The second son, William H., took up the work begun by the father. He made the New York Central the nucleus of the far-reaching network of steel highways that is now the Vanderbilt system. The old commodore in his seventy years of business activity had amassed a fortune of $90,000,000. William H. in nine years added quite or nearly $150,000,000 to this pile and proved himself the superior financier. In January, 1877, the commodore died and in 1885 William H. followed him. The latter's estate—probably the greatest ever left by will—was divided among his eight children, the bulk of it going to the two elder sons, Cornelius and William Kissam. Each of the others—the two younger sons, Frederick and George, and the four daughters, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mrs. William D. Sloane and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly—received $10,000,000 and a Fifth avenue mansion.

HEADS OF THE HOUSE OF VANDERBILT.



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT. COMMODORE VANDERBILT. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

THE VANDERBILT COAT OF ARMS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.

"COMMODORE'S" STATEN ISLAND HOME.

"The experiences of that barge would be hard to conjecture. It may have drifted the 4,000 odd miles which divide our coast and the Marshalls in a very short space of time, or it might have taken a remarkably long period."

Inquiry among shipping men as to the identity of the strange craft failed to throw any light upon the subject. There is no record of the loss of any such barge, and the general impression is that it was probably swept away from one of the lower coast ports by a storm, and carried out to sea, to be guided by wind and sea to the Marshalls.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Ant's Dwelling.

One of the strangest members of the vegetable kingdom and one which of late years has become quite common as a greenhouse plant is the myrmecodia tuberosa. The plant was first sent to Europe in 1811 by Dr. Collingwood from Malacca. Its stem is tuberous and everywhere covered with thorns. In its native country every plant is constantly inhabited by thousands of ants of the great family of myrmica, and it is on that account that the plant was given its scientific name of myrmecodia. The ants pierce the tuberous stems in all directions and coat the galleries thus formed with an insect cement that is of surprising durability. In fact, it is so strong that when a branch or plant dies it will rot away, leaving the cement galleries intact, the whole then having the appearance of a beautifully ramified specimen of seaweed.

Lunatic's Square Meal.

An escaped lunatic captured at Lewiston on Tuesday after a two-day fast ate four platefuls of green pears before the policeman who stood watching him decided that his limit had been reached. Then the peace guardian gave him a cup of hot ginger tea to top off with.

Drifted Four Thousand Miles.

On one of the coral reefs off the Marshall group, far away in the South Pacific, there rests a large railway transfer barge, which was carried by winds and currents from some point on the California coast to its present resting place. Its ownership, home port and the date of its loss are unknown. John Crowley, mate of the missionary brig Morning Star, saw the barge. Speaking about it recently, he said: "We ran into the Marshall group in September last in the course of our tour through the islands, and our intention was attracted to this huge barge resting on a reef. I made a careful examination of it, but the only marks of identification on it were the word 'Transfer' and the abbreviation 'Cal.' The rest of the name and the port had been obliterated.

"There were narrow gauge tracks on it, and a couple of big cranes still intact and very well preserved. The barge itself was pretty badly weather beaten, but it was still in very good condition. It was about 150 feet long, built of heavy timbers. The bottom had been copper covered, but the natives had stripped that off. They had made an attempt to break the craft up, too, but that was beyond their power.

When the mercury's a sprinter
'Twill cool you if you try
To remember how last winter
Made the coal-pile fly.
—Chicago Record.

"Who was best man at the wedding?" "The bride's father, if cheerfulness counts for anything."—Puck.

Jaglets—Who invented work, Bill? Raglets—I don't know, but he ought to have stayed and finished it.—Truth.

"Doctor, my wife has insomnia—lies awake most of the night. What shall I do for her?" "Get home earlier."—Life.

"Does your husband spend much at the races?" "No. George doesn't draw a very large salary."—Town Topics.

He—Let's kiss and make up. She—If you kissed me, I'd have to make up all over again, sure enough.—New York Press.

Mrs. Sequel—I understand your husband can't meet his creditors. Mrs. Equal—I don't believe he wants to, especially.—Truth.

Customer—I would like to have a nice gown to wear around the house. Salesman—Size of the house, please?—Philadelphia Record.

Dyer—Colonel Kaintuck hasn't laughed in years. Duer—Why? Dyer—Some one told him his laugh sounded like rippling water.—Town Topics.

"Gainsby is a fellow who understands economy." "That's what!—he has just had a composite portrait made of his three other wives."—Puck.

Block—Riches do not bring happiness, my son. Chipp—Neither does poverty. And riches do not prevent happiness, and poverty does.—Truth.

She—The Billingtons have an eight-pound boy, and I suppose we ought to send a gift of some sort. He—Why not send Billington a pedometer?—Puck.

Nodd—I've got to raise one hundred dollars this week. Todd—Is it a case of necessity? Nodd—I should say so. My wife will come back if I don't.—Truth.

Miss Gotham—It must be awful to be buried alive! Miss Penn (thoughtfully)—Well, I don't know. I have spent all my life in Philadelphia.—Somerville Journal.

"Claribel" is respectfully informed that milk does not come from milkweed, and that pies are not plucked ready grown from the pie plant.—Boston Transcript.

Gertie—Where do you get shaved, Freddie? Freddie—On the face—ha! ha! Gertie—Pardon me, Freddie; I mean where do you get shaved on the face?—Roxbury Gazette.

Richard—What makes you so sure that she will marry you? Harry—Well, you see, her mother and I have engendered a mortal hatred of each other.—Boston Transcript.

"Well, old man, I've spent every cent of money I have in the world on my doctor." "Does he know it?" "I guess he does. He has pronounced me a well man."—Buffalo Courier.

Mrs. Kidd—There, now, thank goodness! I've sung the baby to sleep. Mr. Kidd—Poor little chap! When he is 25 he won't dare to go to sleep over a woman's singing.—Truth.

She—For my part I would never forgive a young man who would kiss a girl against her will. He—Nor I; but do you suppose a young man really ever did?—Somerville Journal.

Pip—A lawyer's highest aim should be to keep his clients out of law. Flip—True; but the trouble is so many of them are content to take a humbler view of the matter.—Truth.

"The butcher offered me his hand this morning," said the hired girl. "Indeed?" "Yes'm. He tried to sell it to me with the steak, but I made him take it off the scales."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What made you return from England so soon?" "The Prince of Wales manifested a disposition to become chummy with me," replied the wealthy but eminently sensible American.—Puck.

"What are your politics, my man?" asked the portly visitor of the prisoner behind the bars at the penitentiary. "Well," replied the latter, hesitatingly, "I haven't come out for anybody yet."—Buffalo Times.

Mrs. Hendricks (proudly walking out of the sewing room)—Well, Perry, how do you like my bloomers? Mr. Hendricks—Oh, they do very well; but, dear me, how much older than usual they make you look." On the following day a neat package, intended for the far-away heathen, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.—Cleveland Leader.